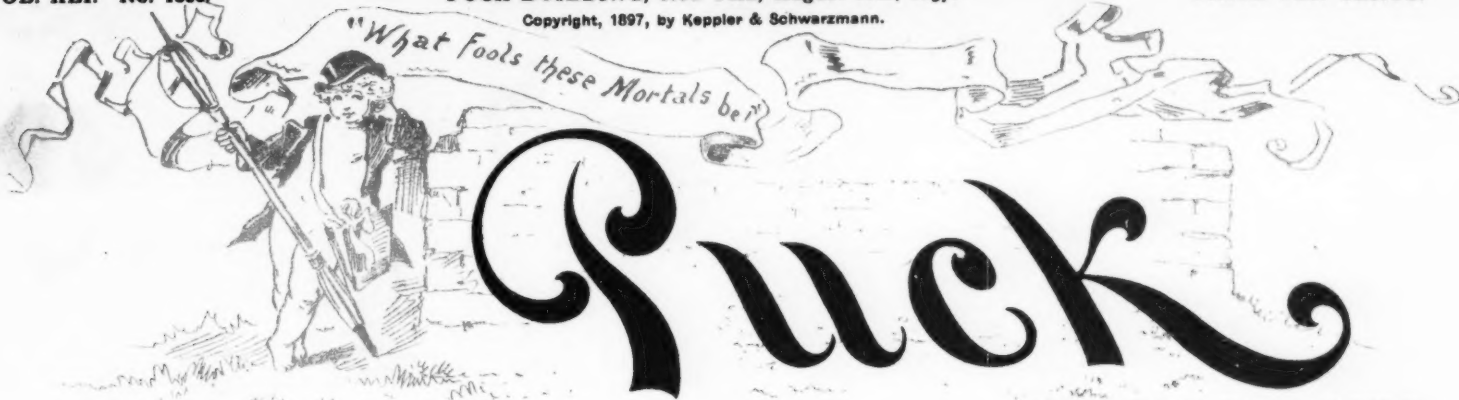


VOL. XLI. No. 1066.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, August 11th, 1897.

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Puck

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THE TRUE AGENT OF PROSPERITY.



A SUITABLE REWARD.

"You have done well," said the Sultan; "and I have been thinking how I can best reward your services."

Tewfik Pasha made a profound salaam.

"I can stand a little more prosperity," he replied, cheerfully.

"Just so," said the Sultan; "how would you like to be made Superintendent of the Atrocity Department?"

IN COLORADO.

TEACHER.—Define "fanatic."

PUPIL.—A man who does not believe in free silver.

A BENEFICIARY.

"Is n't Jenkins a believer in organized charity?"

"I should say so. Why, he is a protected manufacturer!"

THE SITUATION.

"They say we can't have prosperity until confidence is restored."

"Yes; and we can't have confidence until prosperity is restored."

THE PREACHER who attempts to exhaust his subject is likely to exhaust his congregation.

A POINT OF LYNCH LAW.

WESTERNER.—That feller we strung up claimed an alibi;—said he was in another county when the horse was took.

TOURIST.—It did n't go, eh?

WESTERNER.—No. The only alibi that's good in a case like his is to be in another county from the folks that's lookin' for yer with the rope.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

PROMINENT POPULIST.—Congressman Windjammer is terribly disgusted with the way them plutocrat members is actin'.

SECOND POPULIST (also prominent).—I heard some talk about his bein' so mad that he's goin' to resign.

PROMINENT POPULIST.—Oh, no!—he's too patriotic to do that.

DOMESTIC.

He takes to the use of red liquor,
But ought people therefore to sniquor?
His dear little wife,
Once the joy of his life,
Now bikes—and that, too, in the "kniquor."

CONFLICTING ACCOUNTS.

TOM.—Why, he's one of the best tailors in London! He has made clothes for the Prince of Wales.

JACK.—Are you sure? I've been told his terms are strictly C. O. D.



CORRECT.

TEACHER.—A rich man dies and leaves a million dollars—one-fifth to his son, one-sixth to his daughter, one-seventh to his wife, one-eighth to his brother, and the rest to foreign missions—what does each one get?

LITTLE WILLY BRIEFS.—A lawyer!

IT is the fat person who is the real burden to himself.

THUS FAR, the air-ship's voyage has been little more than a flight of fancy.

=Patience=



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A-wooning pretty Patience
Went I, a love-sick swain,
And found her in the orchard,
Amidst the trees and grain.
And then I plead with ardent words,
And, when I thought her won,
I seized her—would have kissed her—Ah!
The conquest was not done.
For, with a haughty, mocking eye,
Low courtseying the maid did cry,
"Kind sir, have patience."

A-wooning cruel Patience,
Went I, a love-sick swain,
And, sore of heart and of conceit,
For love found only pain.
Then straight I turned me round about
And would have strode away,
But saw the maiden's lashes drop
As though to bid me stay;
And while I pondered if to go
There came a whisper—falt'ring—low,
"Kind sir,—have Patience."

Richard Stillman Powell.

IN THE INTEREST OF THE BARGAIN HUNTER.

"It seems to me," said the man who, in an unguarded moment, had allowed his wife to lure him into a dry goods store; "it seems to me that we need currency reform."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

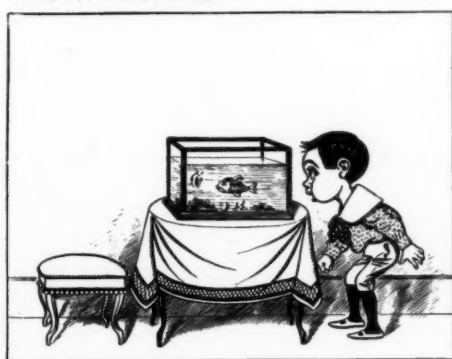
"Why, instead of issuing dollars and fifty-cent pieces, the Government ought to turn out ninety-eight cent bills and forty-nine cent pieces!"

IT SEEMED IMPROBABLE.

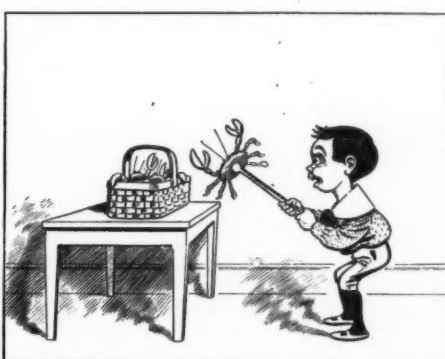
"And thus," said the detective, triumphantly, "earning his living by hard work, I found the last lineal descendant of the ninth Earl of Portwine."

"Earning his living by hard work?" repeated the lawyer, shaking his head doubtfully; "there must be some mistake. I fear this person can not be related to the old Earl of Portwine."

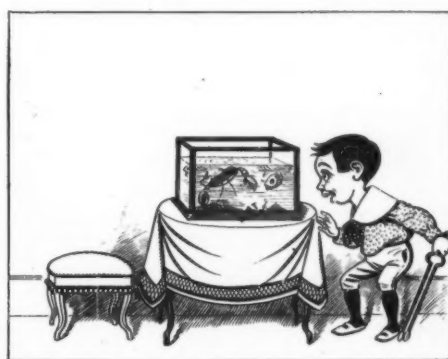
NIPPING A THIEF.



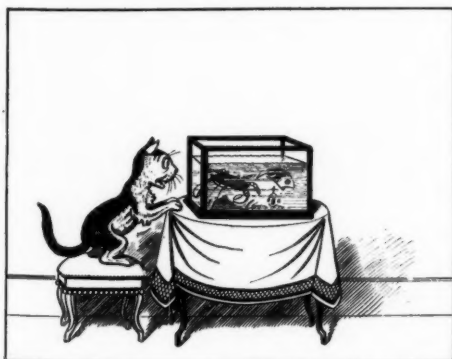
JIMMY — Plague take that cat! He has stolen another one of my gold-fish. I'll fix him!



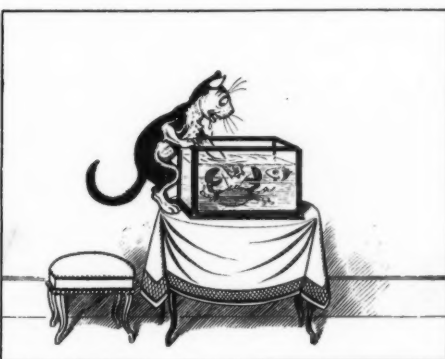
"I'll bet this crab'll be glad enough to get in water again once more before he dies!"



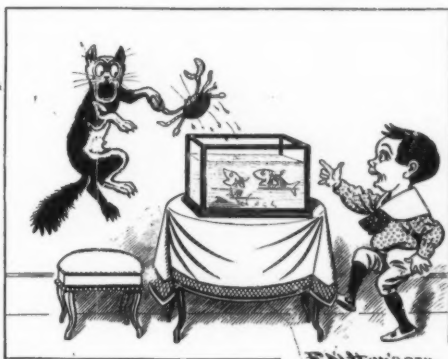
"There! I'll bet that feels good to you!"



THE CAT. — Say! this is Friday, and I must have fish to-day. That's a new comer in there. I never saw a fish like him before. I'll have to try him, for a change.



"Oh! you can't get away from me. I am an old fisherman."



"——? ——! ——! ——! ——!"



AN INVALUABLE DEVICE.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—That is our new burglar alarm—you see, if a burglar should get into the lower part of the house, that would ring.

HER MOTHER.—Oh!—and scare him off?

MRS. NEWLYWED (*doubtfully*).—Well, it might; but it would give Clarence and me plenty of time to hide in the attic, anyway.



A FINAL RESOLVE.

HENE'ER no more to smoke I think,
I pine most for a smoke, my jo;
Whene'er I vow no more to drink,
Bright wines do most invoke me, O!

But when I'm wed to weed and wine,
My fortune still so peevish, O!
I do despise these loves of mine
As stupid things and thievish, O!

Oh! I will ban both wine and weed
That bring to me these troubles, O!
Then well the weed I'll love, indeed,
And well the wine-cup's bubbles, O!

Williston Fish.



PROOF POSITIVE.

FRAYED FAGIN (*highly excited*).—Are you *sure* Weary hez picked up a nickel somewheres?

DUSTY DOPE (*hoarsely*).—Yes;—dead sure—he's running down de Socialists.

COMPARATIVE INTEREST.



BONDS (*nervously*).—If cotton goes down another point I'm ruined.
STOCKSON (*eagerly*).—If tobacco goes up two points I'll make ten thousand.
TAPE (*anxiously*).—Texas and Pacific will do me if it drops another point.
MARGIN (*tremblingly*).—If wheat goes up another cent I'm fixed for life.

JONES (*at the other ticker*).—New York—ninth inning—

THE RHYME OF A ROCK.

SEE THE jolly "biker"—
Pardon, pray, the word!—
Speeding onward like a
Merry-hearted bird.
Smooth the road and peaceful;
Birds in trees sing cheer:
Biker rides full careful,
Naught in sight to fear.

See the cruel rock that
In the roadway lies,
Waiting for the shock that
Opes the biker's eyes.
Nearer speeds the biker,—
Blind he is, I wis,—

Up—up—up—just like a

Rocket! Down like

* t h *
* i *
s !

R. S. P.

HIS CROSS.

"YOU ARE late this morning."
The kind friend of the man who occupied
a seat in the 12:48 dropped down easily beside him
as he spoke, mechanically handing his commutation
ticket to the passing conductor.

"I am," replied the tired-looking individual he ad-
dressed; "but it's not my fault. It's a matter of compulsion.
Are you aware," he added, "that I am a lonely, secretive creature,
flocking mostly by myself, of thoughtful habits and shrinking
temperament?"

"U'm! I don't quite follow you," said his companion.

"You will in a minute," said the tired man.

"When I first moved out to Suburbanville, I
began by taking the 7:30. Several others also
took that train, and it was not long before they
knew me well. I began in the baggage car
and moved gradually to the rear, trying
to avoid one or other of the seven-
thirty-ites.

"You see I craved solitude.
I wanted the companionship of
my thoughts. That was also
the only time during the day I
felt I could read my paper;
and, when that was finished, I
wanted to be alone with myself.
It was no use, however, and I
had to give up the 7:30 and
take the 8:03."

"And you found that just as
bad?" said the other man, sym-
pathetically.

"Yes," said the tired man
with a nervous wave of his
hand; "after awhile it was the
same old story. New friends
soon became old, and seemed
to think it was a sacred duty on
their part to drop down beside
me and tell me their family
history.

"Then I tried the 8:40, and
slid off to the 9:04; and, after
awhile, I began to seriously
neglect my business and take
the 9:45.

"Business, however, was no ob-
ject with me compared with my
peace of mind. Of course, the
later the train the fewer there were
to meet, until now I've got down
to the 12:48."

"And I suppose," said his friend
with a smile, "that you will stick
to this one now?"



ILLUSTRATION, 1907, BY KEPLER & SCHWARZMAN

MORE CAPITAL SEEKING INVESTMENT.

"Say, Moses! is dere much money in shoe laces an' collar buttons?"

"Vat for yer vant to know?"

"Oh, well! I won sixty-five cents playin' craps to-day, an' I t'ought
mebbe I'd trow up der paper biz and go inter your line."



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AN ENTHUSIAST.

ASKINS.—That Miss Summerflirt seems to be very fond of outdoor sports?

MAY CUTTING.—Yes, indeed! All the morning she lies on the beach in her
bathing suit, and all the afternoon she sits on the piazza in her bicycle suit.

"Oh, I don't know!" said the tired man, with an anxious, furtive
look in his eye. "Is this your regular train?"

And his companion got up without another word, and went
into the smoker.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

"On the whole," said the aged weather
prophet, "I have found that the safest course
is to predict bad weather."

"How so?" asked the neophyte.

"Because people are much more ready to
forgive you if the prediction does not come
true."

ATTRIBUTES.

"Poor, motherless girl!" he exclaimed,
and turned sadly away.

What he wanted was a mother-
less girl who should be in mod-
erate circumstances, at least.

THE IDIOT.

"Is 't hot enough for you?"
he used

To ask; now, when you meet,
He says: "It is n't hot, old

man—
Humidity, not heat."

MR. N. YORKE.—I tell you,
these horseless carriages
are a great institution.

MR. BROOKE LYNN.—Oh!
I don't know; they're not so
great. A manless perambula-
tor would be greater.

WE COULD N'T believe all that
we tell ourselves, if we made
affidavit to it.

SOME PEOPLE can forgive any-
thing in a friend except success.

SOME INCONSISTENCIES WE NOTICE
AT THE SEASIDE.

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This is the man who raises such a terrible rumpus if he finds a speck of dust in his bathtub, at home.



This man, delightedly watching the making of a figure out of damp sand, is the critic who condemns the statues in all our large cities, and says "there is n't a decent piece of sculpture in America!"



This is the man who writes those furious letters to the papers, denouncing the noises of the city.



This is the man who can not endure the slightest current of air at home.



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EXTREME CRUELTY.

CHOLLY RICKETTS (*trigically*).— Refuse me, dearest, and I shall enter a monastery and be a monk.

MAUDE SUMMERFLIRT.— Monastery? — Don't you mean a menagerie?

FOR REVENUE ONLY.

"I don't take your paper, myself," began an irate skinflint, invading the office of the Hawville *Clarion*, "but I'm told that you published a lie about me in the last issue; an' I tell you, right now, that it has got to be stopped, or—"

"And we tell you in return, sir," interrupted the able editor, with dignity, "that it was stopped before it began. Your name was not even mentioned, nor will it be till you plank down the cash for a year's subscription. We'll have you understand, sir, that the *Clarion* will not lie about you nor any other man who is not a paid-up subscriber!"

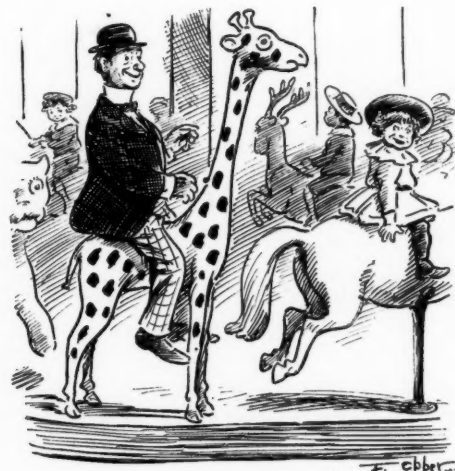
SOME PERSONS wake and find themselves famous, while others stay up nights wondering how to do it.

AN OLD resident, living near the New Jersey Meadows, has conceived the idea of crossing mosquitos with honeysuckle, and thereby starting a new breed of bees.

IT is pretty hard to be sorry for the deficiencies of a woman who wears bloomers; that is to say, the broad mantle of charity was never made to be bifurcated.



This is the man who made such a fuss at his restaurant because the waiter forgot to serve cracked ice with his clams.



This is the man who says "you'll never catch me on a bicycle — it's too undignified!"



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PROSPERITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES. WHILE THE people have been looking hopefully in one direction for Prosperity, it has come up behind them. They looked for it to come miraculously out of the skies in obedience to the summons of a tariff-bill; instead of which it has come out of the ground. Noting the opportuneness of its coming, the foolish will suppose, without any close thinking, that the tariff-bill brought it. The wise know that Prosperity never can come, except it comes out of the ground; and that if it last it will be in spite of and not because of any Act of Congress. Not William McKinley but the partiality of Nature has been our true agent of Prosperity. With the conditions reversed, with foreign crop-failures to meet instead of our own magnificent abundance, the people would be feeling even now the burden of taxation which this latest tariff-bill puts upon them. As conditions are, its injustices will be apparent only to the despised "theorists" who have discovered and hold fast to the truth, through famine and through plenty, that legislation can not give to one class without first taking away from another. So long as crops are abundant and prices high the producer will be able to meet the exactions of this tariff and yet save something for himself. But when Nature again strikes her relentless average and the Republican party can no longer wring from the farmer, the mechanic and the day-laborer, the toll it divides with organized monopoly, the whole miserable structure of a "protective" tariff will again come tumbling around the heads of its short-sighted builders. In describing the scene at the moment the bill was signed, the *Tribune's* correspondent records that "there was a burst of applause from the spectators;" but in the next sentence he discovers that "several were nervous." Possibly in explanation of this untimely phenomenon, he adds: "As the President

dropped the pen, Attorney-General McKenna, glancing at the clock on the mantel, remarked: 'It is just four minutes past four o'clock.' Then, a thought suddenly occurring to him, he added: 'Governor Dingley, we stood together in this way at the signature of the McKinley Tariff Act.' If the Attorney-General was malicious in this reference he deserved to be ejected from the room. But it is, of course, highly probable that he was simply lacking in tact. At any rate, he gave ample excuse for the nervousness which the *Tribune* man noted, and for much more: for the present tariff will last only so long as abnormal crop conditions keep the people from discovering that McKinleyism is just as much robbery in 1897 as it was in 1891.

"OUR DETRACTORS ABROAD." THAT LIVELY and entertaining newspaper, the *Sun*, lately flung a headline to its readers that must have tickled a goodly number of them to honest mirth. It read: "Our Detractors Abroad; They Are Spreading the Idea That We Want a Quarrel!" Considering that the *Sun's* first aim is to create this impression, both at home and abroad, its implied indignation is funny. We remember no effort quite so humorous since a day not long ago when the chief jewel in its editorial casket was headed: "Ringing Patriotism; An Old Lady of Eighty Sits Up in Bed to Denounce the Arbitration Treaty!" The printed matter under this exclamation declares that: "The impression that the people of the United States are determined to pick a quarrel with somebody is gaining ground quite rapidly in Europe;" and it proceeds to deplore and to resent this in the familiar manner that deceives many excellent people into thinking that the *Sun* takes itself seriously. "It must be admitted," it remarks, "that the instigators of the attack are making clever use of the material at their command," and the urgent need is pointed out of "a decisive declaration which will silence the detractors of American character in Europe." The *Sun* does not specify the nature of the declaration that is needed, but every *Sun* reader knows that the *Sun* would have it to be a threat to whip out of its boots any nation accusing us of a desire to quarrel with anybody; — if foreigners are impertinent enough to insist that we are quarrelsome we must lick the notion out of them. Inasmuch, however, as the sole material "at the command of our detractors abroad" is made up of the vague, windy threats of our Jingos in Congress and the blatant frothings of a few newspapers as little liable to be taken seriously as the *Sun* is, we do not fear that the most clever use of it can ever upset the decent sober sense of our own or any other people. Other nations, of course, have their Jingo newspapers as well as ours, but they deserve as little serious attention from us as we give to our own. It is well to keep in mind always that a newspaper like the *London Globe*, for example, voices the real British spirit toward us as falsely as our own fuss-mongering *Sun* voices true Americanism. Such publications may take each other seriously, but we fail to detect in the general public the least tremor of apprehension at their wildest alarms.



THE EUROPEAN CONCERT.

DO NOT often bet at all,
Because I do not like it;
Yet, when I find a dead-sure thing,
I rather like to strike it.

And so I'd like to bet a five
Against a pink verbena
This European concert's noth-
ing but a concertina:

Because, as any one can see
Who's watched the Eastern shindy,
The workings of the blooming thing
Are just a trifle windy.

Carlyle Smith.

SED TO IT.

DRUMMER (in *Kansas village*). — I presume that there was a good deal of excitement and terror here while that savage hyena, which escaped from the circus, was roaming at large in the vicinity?

MERCHANT. — Well, no! You see, Mrs. Lease and other calamity howlers spoke here several times during the campaign, and the people kinder got used to that sort of thing.

EASILY BEGUILED.

BROWN. — Premier Canovas states that he still has confidence in Weyler.

SMITH. — Has he? Well, if Canovas ever runs up against a confidence man, he'll be buncoed, sure!

AN INOPPORTUNE TIME.

COUNTRY EDITOR. — I'm glad that arbitration treaty did n't pass.

VISITOR. — Why?

"The time is not ripe for it. Here, I spent over fifty dollars last Winter for the finest series of scare-head type that was ever in town."



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BALANCED.

ISAACSTEIN. — Dot vas a quveer t'ing vot happenedt to Rosenbaum's shstore. Dere vas a purglary undt a shmall fire der same nighd.

COHENSTEIN. — Yes; Rosenbaum toldt me dot he came oudt schoost even.



PUCK.



J.S. Puck.

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ITIONAL SURRENDER.

AN UNFAMILIAR OBJECT.



"HEAR ME!" ejaculated a high-browed, studious-looking gentleman, peering through his glasses at a small boy—"What a peculiar little person! Must be a dwarf—my goodness! There are several of them!"

"I can not imagine where you can have been living, sir, that you do not know a child when you see one!" exclaimed a bystander. "Pardon me; but who are you, anyhow?"

"I am Pennington, the author of twenty-eight popular juvenile books," was the reply.

AND PUSHED COUNTY LINES INTO THE RIVER.

PROSPECTIVE PURCHASER.—Yes; but the railroad that you say runs through the county is n't marked on this map of yours.

REAL ESTATE AGENT.—My dear sir, they've got such a heavy corn crop out there that you can't even see the cars on that railroad unless you are within four feet of the track.

THE WHEREFORE.

My lady's smile doth bubble o'er,
Yet freezing oft' doth seem:
It's bought at a department store—
It's soda and ice-cream!



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IN THE WEST.

HE.—Does the novel end happily?
SHE.—Yes, indeed! The heroine gets her divorce in the last chapter.

AT THE EDGE OF THE CROWD.

FIRST CITIZEN.—What is the matter?
SECOND CITIZEN.—They say there's a man nearly suffocated.
FIRST CITIZEN.—How did it happen?
SECOND CITIZEN.—He got wedged in the crowd trying to find out what was the matter.



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A CONJECTURE.

NEPHEW.—They call her the première danseuse.
UNCLE JOSH.—That means the oldest ballet dancer, don't it?

THEIR ERRAND.

"Have you got him?" asked the leader of the White Caps.
"Here he is," answered one of the band, in a muffled tone.
An old man, with long white hair and beard, stood trembling before them.
"What have I done?" he asked.
"Listen," said the leader. "Years ago you made an election bet. You promised that if your candidate was defeated you would never again shave nor have your hair cut."
"I have kept my promise," faltered the old man.
"Yes, you consarned fool, you have! We don't want such idiots in this county."
"But you would n't tar-and-feather a man for that?"
"Tar-and-feather nothing!" said the leader. "We're going to give you a shave and a hair-cut. Sit down and let the barber start right in!"



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THE ONLY WAY.

SUMMER BOARDER (5 a. m.).—Hi, there! What does this mean? Burglars?
FARMER MEDDERS.—No; it's only me, mother and the boy gettin' up. You see, we've rented all the rooms but the garret, and we can't get to the garret without goin' through your room. We did n't think you would like that, so this is the only other way.

PUCK.

HOTEL HORRORS

SOME OF THE DRAWBACKS TO PEACE AND PLEASURE IN
THE BEST OF SUMMER HOTELS.

III. THE GOSSIP EXCHANGE, AND THE SOCIAL DETECTIVE BUREAU.

THE GOSSIP EXCHANGE at our Summer Hotel
Is doing its business uncommonly well;
Its record this year is ahead of the last,
Though it's always done perfectly well in the past,
But this year on all others has gotten the start
By five reputations and one broken heart.

The Gossip Exchange has its office all over —
In the depths of the hall — out among the sweet clover —
In the office — the parlor — the bedroom — and proof
Might be offered to show it exists on the roof.
While some of the stories it circulates round
Must be dug up from sub-cellars deep in the ground.

But of course there's one spot that the gossips like best,
For their limbs sometimes tire, but their tongues never rest.
And they've taken the pleasantest corner you'll find
In the whole long verandah before and behind,
And the click of their knitting, the creak of their chairs,
Drown the hiss of their speech on the soft Summer airs.
Yet their talk finds its way, although how, I don't know,
Right straight to the place where they mean it to go.

Have you heard how young Jones saved Miss Smith's poodle pup,
When the briny old ocean was gulping it up?
And how that young lady, in indiscreet tones,
Said that next to the pup she adored Mr. Jones?
The Exchange made the case one no trouble was lost on,
And Miss Smith spends next year with her aunt in South Boston.

Do you know Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Green and the rest
Who have put the Exchange's alertness to test?
You do not if you're "proper" — for some are not here,
And the rest are distinctly avoided as "queer."



Do you know of the merchant a-fishing who went,
And did n't get back at the time he had meant? —
And the rumor that traveled way back to the Street,
That he'd fled from engagements his firm could n't meet?

Do you know the young widow who had the lame boy
Who played all alone with an old-fashioned toy?
You'd have thought *that* a case the Exchange could well spare,
But he went and made friends with an old millionaire!

Oh! yes, there is surely no Summer Hotel
Where the Gossip Exchange can be doing so well;
And as a Detective Bureau it has found
Every case of iniquity going around.
Excepting — perhaps that is not in its range —
Excepting — the case of the Gossip Exchange.



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MAN WILL FIND A WAY.

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MRS. DRINKWATER. — Well, I fixed John for this gunning trip, at
any rate. I made sure he had no whiskey with him, and he can't buy
a drop between here and the hunting grounds.



MR. DRINKWATER (*later in the day*). — The fellow who invented
these whiskey-loaded cartridge shells was a godsend to a man with a
rabid teetotaler wife.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

At poker, the man with a vacant stare generally has a full house.—*Adams Freeman.*

CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
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Finest Nickel Trimmings.
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CUSHION BUTTON CLASP—
Lies flat to the leg.
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SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sample Pair Mail Silk Socks 25¢
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Never misses a mile
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ADVANTAGES OF THE DROP SHUTTER.

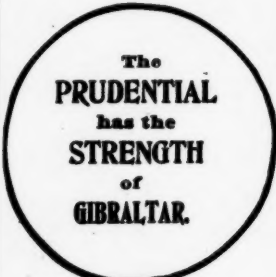
OLD MAID (*who wants a portrait of her dog*).—Do you take instantaneous photographs here?

PHOTOGRAPHER'S BOY.—Yes, Ma'am; run right in, and he'll take you afore you're a minute older.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Human Intellect

Has devised no better system for benefit of mankind than Life Insurance.

The Prudential



Represents the widest extension of the scheme, for it insures the whole family, children, women and men. Ages 1 to 70. Amounts \$15 to \$50,000. Premiums payable yearly, half-yearly, quarterly, weekly.

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Home Office, Newark, N. J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.



"GEORGE," laughed Munchausen, "tell the truth, old chap; that cherry-tree and hatchet story was n't true, was it?"

"No, it was n't," said Washington. "It was grossly exaggerated. What I really did was to cut down an oak with a paper-cutter."

And Munchausen took off his championship medals and pinned them upon the breast of Washington.—*Harper's Bazar.*

FLABSON.—If you had a million dollars what would you do?

JOGGINS.—Oh, I'd probably spend my time going around telling everybody how happy I was when I was poor and had my health.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

HE.—There is one thing to be said about the Scotch dialect stories now floating about.

SHE.—And what is that?

HE.—They may be the same old stories, but no one will recognize them.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"DAH's only one kind er good luck," said Uncle Eben, "dat kin be trusted, an' dat's de good luck o' bein' born wif sense."—*Washington Star.*

II.

But if we could remove the tree and fence, we would find an animal we all would recognize.



A DELUSION.

I.

Strange face seen looking over the fence at the Zoo.

A BEAUTIFUL ADJUSTMENT.

PARKE.—I have a joint account in the bank with my wife now.

LANE.—Good! You make an even thing of it, eh?

PARKE.—Yes; I put the money in and she draws it out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

JONES.—There were an awful lot of cat calls at the theatre last night.

SMITH.—What were they hollering?

JONES.—Rats!—*Yale Record.*

LITTLE DOT had just been to the dentist, and she looked very serious, indeed.

"Mama," she said, presently, "do they call that man a dentist because he puts dents in your teeth?"—*Washington Capital.*

Somerset Club



Absolutely Pure.
Very Old.
Delicious Flavor.

Maryland Rye

Acknowledged by Connoisseurs to have no superior. Used by Families, Clubs, Cafés and Hotels. Sold at all first-class Grocers and by Jobbers. Small Sample bottle sent free upon receipt of 25 cents for shipping charges.

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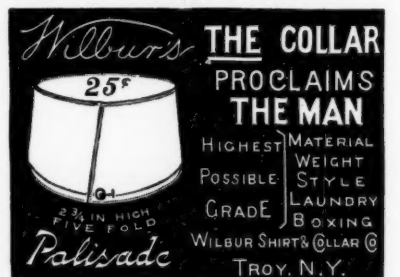
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a Bicycle should have the
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Changes Rat Trap to Rubber Pedals in ten seconds, without bolts or rivets. Sets of two mailed for 50c by ELASTIC TIP CO., 370 Atlantic Ave., Boston; 735 Market St., San Francisco; 115 Lake St., Chicago.
Pat. Apr. 20, 1897.



IMPERFECTIONS of skin and feature changed for cash on liberal terms at JOHN H. WOODBURY'S, 127 West 43d Street, New York. 132 Page Beauty Book for 2-cent stamp.



A BUDDING PHILOSOPHER.
"Say, Paw! is it anything to brag about when you don't do something you can't do?"
"I'm inclined to think not. Why do you ask?"
"'Cause I've just been readin' that cherry-tree story 'bout Washin'ton."—*Detroit Free Press.*

If you want a fine extra dry sparkling wine, drink Cook's Imperial, flavor unsurpassed, bouquet unrivaled.

BILL.—Is n't that Styles girl conceited about her feet?
JILL.—I think she must be. I stepped on them, the other day, in the car, and all she said was: "I should like to have you look where you're going."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

AFTER a girl has taken as many as three lessons on a violin, she is proficient enough in the art of violin playing to have her picture taken with it in her arms. —*Atchison Globe.*

"It looks like rain," said the milkman to the lady of the house. After examining the milk, she came to the conclusion that it must be either rain or water from the pump. —*Norristown Herald.*

It is a shame to deceive the American Public with cheap spurious imitations. Insist on having Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters, the only genuine.

A MODIFIED ORDER.
COWBOY (striding into the Round-Up Saloon).—Gimme a drink, an' be quick about it if ye know what's good fer ye. I ain't goin' ter pay fer it, nuther.

EXPERIENCED BARTENDER (suddenly covering him with a revolver).—What 'll ye have?

COWBOY (blanching).—Water. I s'pose that's the only drink that's free. —*New York Weekly.*

Pickings from Duck



No. 24
OF
Pickings from Puck
has just been issued. For the modest sum of Twenty-five Cents you can buy it of any Newsdealer.


On receipt of that amount in United States Postage Stamps or Silver, the Publishers will mail a copy, post-paid to Any Address in the United States, Mexico or Canada.
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NO IRRITATION—DOES NOT SHRINK.
A decided advance over all other undergarments. Prevents chills and secures comfort and health.
All moisture (whether from perspiration or sudden drenching) passes through the woollen fleece-lining to the cotton on the outside, and the part next to the body becomes almost instantaneously dry.
Made in shirts and drawers, vests and pants, combination suits and night-ropes: all sizes and weights, for men, women, and children, in white, ecru, and colored.
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ELIXIR DENTIFRICE.
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AMBITIOUS.

REV. DR. SAINTLY.—What a diligent little man you are with your studies!
WILLY.—Yes, sir; I am trying to learn how to read, so I can tell the names of the horses that win.

FASTEST TRAINS IN THE WORLD — ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL



PRISCILLA AT THE WHEEL.

BALLADE.

THE SNOW-WHITE belly of the sail
The singing waves skims lightly o'er,
The moonlight falls athwart the rail,
Afar I see the lanterned shore,
With here and there the flash of oar;
As down the heaving waste we reel,
I dream of love and lovers' lore—
And fair Priscilla at the wheel!

The breathing of the infant gale,
The following of the albicore,
The spray that falls like tingling hail,—
That gossamer gown that Venus wore!—
The sea-gull flying on before,—
All these the sense of love reveal
And make me hug my fancy more—
And fair Priscilla at the wheel!

And when fair Luna dons her veil—
Some fleecy cloud the night winds bore!—
And darkness hides the foamy trail
Left on the sea's uneven floor;
When hopes up to the heavens soar,
And clasping hands make their appeal,
I kiss these dreams that I adore—
And fair Priscilla at the wheel!

L'ENVOY.

Prince, show me no famed Bucentaur
That might o'er streams of Venice steal:
A trim yacht, night, the breakers' roar,
And fair Priscilla at the wheel!

Harold MacGrath.

A DOZEN GOLD BRICKS.

AVOID THE vulgar error of sneering at "mere wind." Many a man without judicious inflation would be as useless as a punctured tire.

Never give up. You may often surprise a forgotten bottle in the empty bin.

If you can't marry money, marry talent, or even genius. It may be your lot to discover that the loveliness of your own character is seen at its best in reflected light.

A kick in time saves nine.

Try to endure your present troubles with the same high philosophy that has always helped you to sustain the misfortunes of your friends. Observe your friends now—how serene they are.

Keep the peace at home. After all, there is little real comfort in the discovery that your wife is a bigger fool than her husband.

In A. D. 2000:—The hand that rocks the cradle once ruled the world.

Breadth and depth of purpose do not always assist progress—they often impede it. A straight line (the shortest distance between two points) has neither of these dimensions.

The financial question:
—How to save money, having none to save.

It is not wealth that commands success, but the appearance of wealth. The gold itself is dross.

A dollar is not almighty, neither are a thousand dollars. As to a million—well, there are limits beyond which even experience fails to afford reliable maxims.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be;" but, as between the two, try to borrow. If you do not get the money you will at least get valuable experience.

FAIR NOTICE.

AUNT SOPHY.—So the doctor left you two prescriptions?

THE INVALID.—Yes; and that's all I'm going to take; so it does n't make any difference what your great-grandfather did for the same complaint!



THE ORIGIN OF THE TALE.

THE FARMER.—Yes; I know that spot. It's about five mile up the road, an' they call it "The Lovers' Leap."

SUMMER BOARDER.—And there's an old tradition about an Indian girl who sprang from it?

THE FARMER.—Yes 'm; it's a pretty old tradition. I reckon it must 'a' been started when folks round here first began to take Summer boarders.

A TEST.

HE.—Why did n't you get a "Wock-Wock" wheel?

SHE.—Because they could deliver it right away. The "Scorchers" makers have orders ahead for three months, so I suppose their wheel must be better.

COMPENSATION.

FIRST BOARDER.—I wonder the landlady lets him stay. Everybody can see that he drinks.

SECOND BOARDER.—Yes; but he never has any appetite in the morning.

A SUMMER RESORT EPISODE.

Gnat hit,
Gnat nit.

A TEST.

"Chipperly lost lots of money in college playing poker, did n't he?"

"Yes; I understand that he was one of the most popular men there."

SINCE THE advent of the bicycle, divided skirts have increased and multiplied.

AN ORATOR seems to be a man who can cover up definite fact with infinite words.

A PESSIMIST is a man who has lost heart and has to depend altogether on his liver.



THE LAUGH ON DOBSON.

DOBSON.—Say, old man, you are so absent-minded I believe you are in love!
HOBSON.—Me? Oh! ho! ho! ho! Why, don't you know I'm married?

A GENTLE MAN'S SMOKE

YALE MIXTURE

IT CANNOT BE IMPROVED
IT CANNOT BE EQUALLED

The CHOICEST of all SMOKING TOBACCOS

2 oz. Trial Package Post paid for 25 c.

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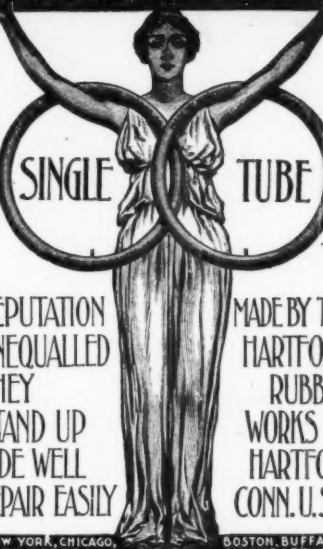


DIDN'T WANT IT.
INVENTOR.—I have just patented a new nickel-in-the-slot machine, which I would like you to take hold of. It is an entirely new design, and will never get out of order.
NICKEL-IN-THE-SLOT CAPITALIST.—Never get out of order? Huh! No money in a machine like that.
—New York Weekly.

MUST HAVE A TASTE.
"They tell me, Judge, that the wine at this hotel is particularly fine."
"You should know by this time, sir, that I never accept hearsay evidence."
—Detroit Free Press.

HE.—Why does May treat Tom so coldly?
SHE.—She's trying to make it hot for him.
—Yale Record.

HARTFORD



SINGLE TUBE

REPUTATION UNEQUALLED
THEY STAND UP
RIDE WELL
REPAIR EASILY

MADE BY THE
HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.
HARTFORD CONN. U.S.A.

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"EVERY farmer," said the befuddled young lady boarder, pensively, "should be an artist. He should put a border of pinks around his potato patch."
"Mebbe so," returned the man in overalls. "I'm doin' mine in Paris green. Pinks won't keep off the bugs and pison will."
—Washington Capital.

A willing horse is often overworked. So is the stomach. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters give the much-needed lift. All grocers, druggists.

DEFINED.
"Paw," asked the little boy, "what is a brain worker?"
"A brain worker," said the old man, "is a man who has to spend all his salary in dressing up to the position he holds."
—Typographical Journal.

Definition of the word

"KODAK"

The *Standard Dictionary* says: "Kodak is an arbitrary word constructed for trade-mark purposes." We originated and own this trade-mark. No camera is a "Kodak" unless manufactured by the Eastman Kodak Company.

Don't let the clerk sell you any other camera under the name of "Kodak."

If it isn't our make, it isn't a "Kodak."

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An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

THE inventor of pins did more for the world than the builder of the pyramids.—*Ram's Horn.*

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(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

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OLD mother Nature has finally put on her bloomers.—*West Union Gazette.*

The King of all drinks.

WERNER
Half-Pint
Champagne
25c. a Bottle

HAS NO
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Possesses a
flavor and
natural dryness
of its own.

I cordially recommend it as a pure and healthy wine.

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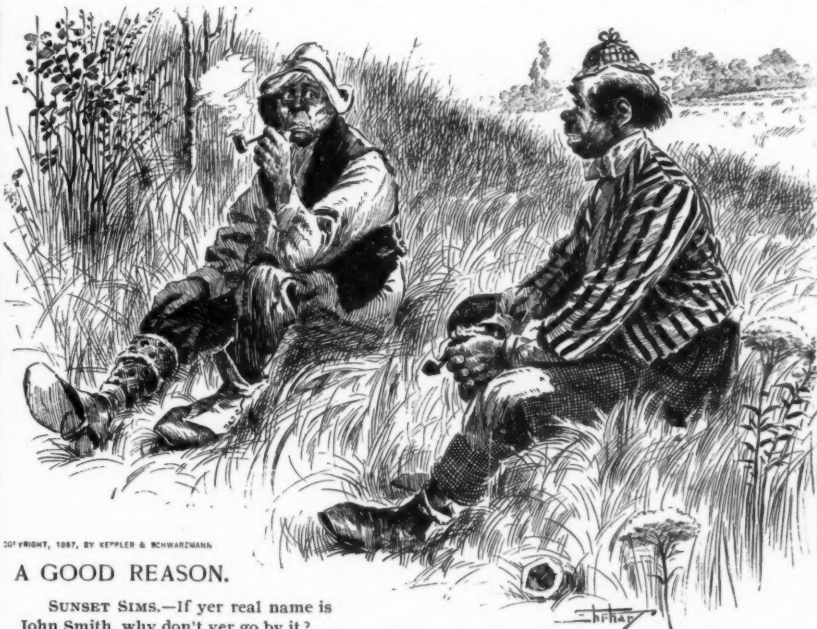
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AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

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New Catskill Mountain Train on the West Shore.

Hereafter every Monday morning the West Shore Railroad will run a fast train from Kingston to New York, stopping only at Newburgh and Cornwall, for the accommodation of business men who desire to remain in the Catskills with their families until Monday morning. This train will leave Kingston at 8:05 A. M. on arrival of train 26 on the Ulster and Delaware R. R. every Monday morning during the summer season. Parlor car through from Catskill Mountain points will be run on this train.



A GOOD REASON.

SUNSET SIMS.—If yer real name is John Smith, why don't yer go by it?

WEARY WILLY.—'Cause if I did, folks would t'ink I'd done suthin' ter be ashamed of, an' wuz travelin' under an alias.

VISITORS TO LINCOLN PARK IN CHICAGO

Will be delighted with the souvenir book of this beautiful spot now being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company. It is a magnificent publication of 96 pages full of overflowing with delicious half tone pictures of one of Creation's most charming places of resort for citizens of the Great Republic.

No stranger visiting Chicago should be without a copy of the "Souvenir of Lincoln Park." It can only be procured by enclosing twenty-five (25) cents, in coin or postage stamps, to Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

The Erie's New Train.

The new, wide-vestibled trains which the Erie has placed in service as Nos. 7 and 10, between New York and Cleveland, are, no doubt, the finest ever constructed. A feature is the café car, in which meals may be ordered à-la-carte from early morning until midnight, with chafing-dish service as a specialty. Beyond the café is a spacious smoking compartment, with movable tables and comfortable arm chairs, where a cigar and light refreshment may be enjoyed at leisure. The day coaches and Pullman sleeping cars embody the very latest ideas in car building. One of these trains, in a daylight trial trip to Cleveland, before the regular service was inaugurated, was visited by over seventy thousand persons, not one of whom offered a criticism.

LEWIS' GERMAN FOOT POWDER

Is a positive cure for all disagreeable affections of the feet, such as Swelling, Swollen, Tender, Calloused and Tired Feet. Prepared only by THEO. J. LEWIS, Chemist, Albany, N. Y. CURE GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED. Reference, Bradstreet's or Dun's. Profuse perspiration brought to normal condition after three applications.

Send 2-cent Stamp for Free Sample. SENT BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25 CTS. [Trade Mark Registered.]



Richness of bouquet, ripe, mellow flavor, sparkling brilliancy, and the absence of all dregs and sediment, are distinctive characteristics of

Evans' India Pale Ale.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

MOVABLE Lithographed Show Cards.

WANTED: Representative for New York, who is well acquainted with users of Show Cards, for the sale of our movable show-window figures.

Must be able to close large orders. One who has a trade with Manufacturers of Food supplies and who has closed large Show Card orders, preferred.

Address: N. 3701. **RUDOLF MOSSE,**
LEIPZIG, Germany.



1) LITTLE WILLY'S FATHER.—Now, Willy, while we are in the circus, observe the elephants, lions and other Eastern animals carefully;—it will help you to form an idea of the wonders of the African jungles.

2) LITTLE WILLY'S idea of the wonders of the African jungles, based on his observation of the animals at the circus.

LITTLE WILLY'S NATURAL HISTORY LESSON AT THE CIRCUS.

